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## OUR BOYS.

When our boys were knickerbockers, and we girls were flannel dresses, I remember how we fancied. They'd unlocked all wisdom's stores. Then, too, they had not and conquered. Half the big boys in their row. Where were boys so brave and brilliant? We had reason to be proud! And we gave them the devotion, Blind, abundant, without end. When a small girl gives her brother, And her brother a "big boy" friend.

Later, when they went to college, And returned in uniform, We all thought that much of a splendid. Ever was seen in human form. When they told their college stories, When they sang their college songs, Where, we thought, was ever mine? Where were voices like to these? But we did not say so freely, As in childhood days of yore. Yet I think perhaps the ladies Sought our good opinion more.

Ah, those happy days are over! We, young men and women grown; Yet we hold with faith unflinching, There is no more like our youth. Time has brought us separation, But, when spirits loving are, Hearts are very near together. Our bodies near or far, As of old, we still share fully In their sorrows or their joys, And this prayer is ever offered: "The All-Father bless our boys!"

—Wm. W. Johnson.

## THE FINDING OF GOLD.

How the Precious Metal Was Discovered in California.

Volumes have been written about the discovery of gold in California and stories without number about how and when it happened. As a matter of fact, the existence of the precious metal seems to have been known to the Indians and the pious Spanish padres long before the Americans conquered the land; but, even granting that Marshall's was the first find that was heralded to the world at large, and that the date thereof was January 24, 1848, even then the accounts of that discovery have been jumbled and twisted to such an extent that it is difficult to get a true picture of the interesting event were beguiled by its dazzling splendor into the romantic realms of fiction.

The men who worked for Sutter on the old Coloma mill have nearly all found uncontroverted claims, and are resting therein forever; but up at the 49 mining camp at the Midwinter fair is an elderly one-legged German, named James W. Brown, who is the only living man who was present when Marshall washed the yellow grains in the camp drench pan; and he is the man who first tested those flaky scales with fire, and going forth from the shanty to where the men were at work on the mill race, was the first to cry: "Boys, here's gold!"

James Brown is sixty-five years old now. In 1848 he was a lusty youth of not yet twenty summers. He had two legs then. It was only a quarter of a century ago that he lost the other at a bear hunt.

"I am the oldest miner alive in California to-day," said he. "I don't mean that I am the oldest in years, because I am only sixty-five, and there are many men here who have worked in the early days and are now much older than me. But I was the first miner. I was with Marshall when he first discovered gold in January, 1848, and I was the first man to know about it. The story is an old one. It was at Capt. Sutter's mill on the American river, which we were building. Marshall, who was a wheelwright by trade, was in charge of the work. He was a particular friend of mine, but there were nearly one hundred of us working on the millrace at the time. He had been reading books about gold and mines and things, and I remember very well his coming to me one day and talking about quartz and bedrock and similar matters, and telling me that he thought there was gold in the country."

"You see, we had come upon the rock when we were digging the race and were afraid that it would interfere with our making an even channel for the water. Then it was that Marshall came to me and told me about the books he had been reading, and on the afternoon of the 23d of January, 1848, he determined to do a little prospecting. He asked me to bring him the pan. It was a common, ordinary pan that we baked bread in and the like. He spent all the afternoon with that pan trying to find gold, but he hadn't got anything by supper."

The next morning early he started out with the pan again. We boys were excavating in the ditch when he came up from the bank where he was working, and told us he had found some mineral. He had it in his hat; a whole lot of little flake-like scales. They were all small bits, and all scaly, and he wasn't sure what they were. He handed the hat to me, and I took one of the flakes and bit it. I could tell by biting it that it was gold, but, of course, I wasn't sure. So I took it into the cabin, where a large fire was burning, and I tested it in the fire to see if it would melt. But it wouldn't melt, and then I knew it was gold, sure. Then I came out with it to where the men were working, and, 'Boys,' said I, 'it is gold!'

"That was the first announcement of the discovery of gold in California, and I was the first man to test the metal and the first man to proclaim it."

It is needless to say that neither Brown nor Marshall nor any of those other mill builders at Coloma was looking for or expecting gold in those days. As a matter of fact, they were working with the vaguest hope of ever receiving any monetary consideration for their labor. As the old pioneer very tersely and pathetically puts it: "Old Capt. Sutter owes me one hundred dollars in cold cash yet for the work I put in on that mill race, and I know I'll never get it, seeing as he is dead."

"But we had no kick coming, because we had agreed to accept cattle, horses and grub in part payment for our work. Moreover, we picked up enough gold before we left the place to square our accounts with the captain's Coloma enterprise."

"We had come with a bigger mission than that of seeking gold. We were Mormons. Many of us were soldiers. I had been serving with my battalion in the south, but after our disbandment was marching with the rest of our people to Utah. At Coloma we found that we had not provisions and stock enough to supply the entire expedition during the rest of the journey over the wilderness, so we decided to send the older people, men of family, etc., ahead with supplies enough to carry them through, while over a hundred of us decided to wait over another year and work for old Capt. Sutter in the meantime."

"Money was scarce in those days, and, though Capt. Sutter was very well fixed, he had but little ready cash. We only wanted stock and provisions, and these we agreed to accept in lieu of ready cash payments for any services we might render. At that time the old captain was anxious to build a grist mill and a lumber mill on the American river. Labor was scarce—skilled labor non-existent. Therefore our arrival was very timely for him. We had wheelwrights, smiths, carpenters and skilled masters of every other trade in our company, and he was able to secure our services without the expenditure of a cent of ready money."

"When the discovery had once been made we tried for awhile to keep it quiet, and Sutter, who was anxious to see his mills completed, was particularly anxious to keep the secret close, but though the news spread round among all the workmen they nevertheless completed both the grist and the lumber mill, and did not desert their posts on the work they had originally contracted to do to seek the yellow metal."

"Though I had tested the first grains of gold in the fire and with my teeth, nevertheless, to be sure about matters, we had to send them back to Sacramento to make certain of what they were. They tested them there with aquafortis, as we used to call it nitric acid now. They also weighed the grains in water with silver, and finally decided that they really were gold. Then they sent on the news to San Francisco by messenger, where the announcement was published for the first time by a man named Sam Brannan who had brought a lot of type and a press and everything around the Horn."

"Did I stay long at Coloma after the completion of the mills, you ask? No, sir; only a few of us did; myself and some of our people only remained long enough to dig up enough gold to equip ourselves for marching back over the plains to meet those others of our people who were coming out to join us."

"And was not the promise of an easily-made fortune great enough an incentive to keep you at Coloma?" was again asked the old pioneer.

"How could it be? Had we not our friends on the plains, and had we not to go forth to meet them?"

"And about how much did you all make?"

"Oh! it was all according to luck—some made more, some made less—some made six hundred or eight hundred dollars, some made four thousand or five thousand dollars. I guess I had something like fifteen hundred dollars in dust. Marshall, who found it first, had none at all. Marshall was as lucky as anybody. He was one of the original bear flag men—one of the filibusters who thought they owned the country, and would certainly have defeated the Mexicans and Spaniards of their own accord had not the government sent out Kearny and the rest to conquer the country officially. They had selected the bear flag as their banner because bears were so abundant out here in those days. The first bear flag was nothing but an old strip of canvas, on which the men daubed a picture of a bear with tar, their only paintbrush being their own fingers."—San Francisco Examiner.

## THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The sergeant-at-arms will please see that order is restored! Or, the sergeant-at-arms will see that the gentlemen take their seats," are familiar sentences to everyone who attends the sessions of the house of representatives.

It would take a man with gray hair to remember when a sergeant-at-arms has actually had to take a derelict congressman by the coat collar and shove him down into his pivot chair or to slap his hand over his mouth to keep him from talking, yet from time immemorial that august official of the government has been called on almost daily to perform the act, especially when an exciting question is occupying the attention of the house. Now, Ike Hill, an occupant of the chair of peace-maker of the house of representatives, makes a model officer. He is the best-natured man in the world and will go to the end of the earth to accommodate a friend. But he can look alarmingly stern, as many members well know. When the speaker gives the signal for action, Ike gets up and fixes his eagle eye on the member violating rules. He advances with deliberate tread in the direction of the derelict. The sternness on his face increases as he sees no restoration of order. His gaze nearer and nearer to the offender, who then takes his seat and looks like the bad boy of a school when trying to look innocent after getting caught in some mischief by his teacher. That's the way it happens every time. In the interest of variety it is to be hoped that some day the member will refuse to "shut up," and that Ike, in the loyal performance of his duties, will have to "put him up."—Washington News.

"The Cause of His Grief.—Banks—'Nosecans has been very despondent ever since the death of his aunt.' Chumley—'Not quite that long; just since the reading of her will.'—Accept.

"The English evening primrose is a slight flower, and opens its petals at sunset with a snap like a vegetable torpedo."

## A DETERMINED MAN.

He Was Highly Indignant About Editorial Statistics.

A determined-looking man came striding into the editorial-room. He held a bit of paper between the thumb and first finger of his right hand. "I am looking for the man who takes care of the statistics," he said sternly. The figure manipulator was at his desk, and the determined-looking man was escorted thither by the office boy. The man took a long look at the bit of paper he held in his hand and then asked: "What is the population of the city of Buffalo?"

The statistician told him that it was something in the neighborhood of 238,000.

"Huh!" grunted the visitor, expressively. Then he took another look at the bit of paper and asked: "Are the officers of the Buffalo Street Railway Co. reliable men?"

"That is their reputation," answered the statistician. "If they put out figures them figures are likely to be all straight and right?"

"Certainly." This seemed to be the determined-looking man's cue. He danced around the room for awhile, uttering strange sounds, and then he shouted: "You fellows that makes figures is all a passel of fools!"

"How so?" asked the statistician, mildly.

"How so?" Why, because you are. You say the population of Buffalo is a measly 238,000. I kin prove that the population of Buffalo is 'way up in the millions. You folks is always talkin' about boom in the town an' all that, an' when you git a chance you jist lay right down like a lot of chickens with the pip an' let figgers what some other man made go for right with you."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have here in my hand the report of the street railway. It says they carried 403,511 people last year, an' I want to know if that there don't prove that the population of Buffalo is 403,511? That what it does, and you chumps sit around an' say it's only 238,000."

"That, my dear sir," started the statistician, "you are laboring under a misconception."

"I ain't laborin' under nothin' of the sort," broke in the determined-looking man. "I got the figgers here an' I kin prove what I say."

"But," began the statistician again. The determined-looking man would not let him continue. "Don't but," he shouted. "It's as plain as the nose on your face. If the folks wasn't here the street railway couldn't carry them, could it? That's the population of this town, and don't you forget it! London or none of the rest of them villages is in it. Three hundred and twenty-five thousand! You make me tired. Forty millions is the correct figger, an' you want to get a move on an' let the people know about it. We are livin' in the metropolis of the world. I got the figgers to show for it an' I'm the only one that's onto it. Tell the people about it, an' when it comes time, I ain't got no objections to their buildin' a monument for me for makin' the great news known."

And while the statistician was catching his breath the determined-looking man borrowed a few old papers and disappeared.—Buffalo Express.

## The English Peerage.

Few of the members of the British house of lords can claim descent or even distant relationship with the barons of King John's time, who exorted from him the Magna Charta. Of the 583 temporal peers, no less than 850 have been created since the beginning of the present century, and 136 during the last century, leaving only sixty-two whose titles were conferred prior to the year 1700. Of the entire number only five can go back as far as the thirteenth century.—Philadelphia Press.

## A Drawing-Room Humbug.

A tasseled hammock hung diagonally across a small drawing-room is affected by some who strive under uniqueness rather than elegance. Piled with bright sofa cushions it lends a decided air of oriental luxury. The cozy appearance is further heightened in one apartment by a collection of musical instruments in one corner of the room and a single shelf of books running about the four walls as a heading to the dodo.—Chicago Tribune.

## Wonders of Nature.

"What an illigant arrangement," remarked Biddy, when told that the "horns" of a snail were really the creature's eyes; "what an illigant arrangement for lukin' through a key-hole!"—Indianapolis Journal.

## A Good Guess.

Professor—All natural products are divided into three parts. Mr. Thompson, where do you place sugar? Mr. Thompson—Into the coffee.—Halo.

## The Most Popular.

"What course will your son take in college?"

"Athletics and fraternities."—Judge.

"Well, Jimmieboy," said Uncle Periwinkle, "I suppose that, with all your practice, you can jump a long distance now."

"No," said Jimmieboy, "I can't jump a long distance, but I can jump a long time."—Harper's Bazar.

The creditor whose appearance gladdens the heart of a debtor may hold his head in sunbeams, and his foot on storms.—Lavater.

Man's crimes are his worst enemies, following him like shadows, till they drive his steps into the pit he dug.—Creon.

William, the German name, signifies defending many. It has always been a favorite name in royal families.

He who bridges the fury of the billows knows also to put a stop to the secret plans of the wicked.—Racine.

## QUEER PLANTS USED AS FOOD.

Little-known Vegetables and Edible Insects Found in Prairie Sections.

At the department of agriculture in Washington, hidden away in an obscure corner, is an odd sort of exhibit of queer foods, eaten by out-of-the-way people. There is a loaf of bread made from the roasted leaves of a plant allied to the century plant. Another kind of bread is from a dough of juniper berries. These are relished by some tribes of Indians, while other manufacture cakes out of different kinds of bulbs. The prairie Indians relish a dish of wild turnips, which civilized people would not be likely to enjoy at all. In the great American desert the "screw beans," which grow on mesquite bushes, are utilized for food. Soap berries furnish an agreeable diet for some savages in this country, while in California the copper-colored aborigines do not disdain the seeds of salt grass. Also in California the Digbar Indians collect pine nuts, which are the seeds of a certain species of pine—sometimes called "pinions"—by kindling fires against the trees, thus causing the nuts to fall out of the cones. At the same time a sweet gum exudes from the bark, serving the purpose of sugar. The seeds of gourds are consumed in the shape of mush by the Indians of Arizona.

In addition to all these things, the exhibit referred to includes a jar of pulverized crickets, which are eaten in that form by the Indians of Oregon. They are roasted, as are likewise grasshoppers and even slugs. These delicacies are cooked in a pit, being arranged in alternate layers with hot stones. After being thus prepared, they are dried and ground to powder. They are mixed with pounded acorns or berries, the flour made in this way being kneaded into cakes and dried in the sun. The Assiniboinse used a kind of seed to stop bleeding at the nose. Among other curious things used for food are acorns, sunflower seeds, grape seeds, flowers of cat-tails, moss from the spruce fir-tree and the blossoms of wild clover. The exhibit embraces a number of models representing grapes, seeds, and other things. It is a truly possible to tell the species of a grape by the shape of the seed. There is a jar of red willow bark, which, Indians mix with tobacco for the sake of economy. This, however, is only one of a thousand plants that are utilized in a similar fashion.—Washington Star.

## THE BORROWING HABIT.

Cheerful Lending Helps to Perpetuate a Bad Practice.

"He that goes a-borrowing," said wise old Dr. Franklin a hundred years or more ago, "goes a-sorrowing," and the eminent, old-fashioned sage's words are true even to this day. It is such a little thing, a cup of flour, and one would hardly miss it, but the principle of getting something for nothing in the name of neighborliness is the same as if it were a loaf of bread, or a barrel of flour. The unintended position soon begins to be felt by the lender and then comes a sense of the meanness of it all, and we begin to make remarks to ourselves about our borrowing neighbors.

The lender is very much at fault. It is not pleasant, perhaps, when Mrs. Smith sends word to borrow a flatiron, or send back word that you haven't one, or that you want to use it yourself. But to be known to be a cheerful lender will save you both "loan and friends." There is a certain suggestion of whole-souled, generous hospitality in being always ready to share with a neighbor that is gratifying to the pride of some persons and that makes them feel the smallness of refusing a request; but that is a misguided judgment, for to make borrowing easy is to encourage shiftlessness and that is as bad as to borrow.

If I am earnest in denouncing this evil it is because I have so often witnessed its unhappy effects in the estrangement of friends who presently come to differences that end in quarrels. It would seem to be the plain dictate of common sense to provide one self with what may be necessary or to go without. One's resources may at most always be able to provide for any emergency without recourse to a neighbor's larder. Better, indeed, is a dinner of herbs where there is a stalled ox and hatred therewith.

There are two other forms of borrowing that might be hinted at as equally unwise. Borrowed plumage is never becoming, is always ignoble. It involves a mean and unworthy pretension that, in its way, is as dishonest as pilfering, to use a harsh synonym for borrowing, and borrowing trouble is the worst of all. The kind-hearted neighbor who "blesses him that gives nor him that takes." It is not so much a vice as a weakness, perhaps, but it curdles the milk of human kindness.—Harriet F. Robinson, in Chautauquan.

## Sows On Buttons for a Living.

Among odd ways of making a living, a new one is followed by a man who says he does fairly well. He goes from office to office all over the city and does nothing but sew on buttons for men of all kinds, bachelors and boys and married men, too. It's a nice little button, though he generally furnishes the button, though in most cases he says the men have the buttons with them. As he enters an office his usual salutation is: Buttons, buttons, any buttons off, and on either coat, vest or trousers every man is pretty sure to find a button off or nearly ready to come off. The genius carries his pockets full of buttons of every kind and class, and he seldom fails to match. His waxed threads, needles and scissors are ready at hand, and a man need not miss five minutes from his duties to be nicely repaired as far as buttons are concerned. The shrewd button sewer is not very communicative, but it's a bad day when he fails to sew on twenty buttons. In one office, at least, where six or eight are employed, he was seen to gather forty cents in a half hour. And a girl paid him ten cents of that amount if he would stitch two loose buttons on her jacket and "make them firm."—Chicago Tribune.

## PITH AND POINT.

—Has Burns given up smoking? "I can't tell." "Why not?" "He's dead."—Inter-Ocean.

—The fool and the drum never speak without declaring their emptiness.—Ran's Horn.

—Barbarous.—Brine—"Jones got into a scrape last night." Fresh—"Is that so?" Brine—"Stopped in a barber shop."—Detroit Free Press.

—A telephone girl receives calls, but she doesn't pay them. This part of the business is attended by those hiring the instrument.—Philadelphia Times.

—Brace—"I wish you would let me have five dollars for a week." Bagley—"Certainly, old man; take the five dollars you owe me and keep it for another week."—N. Y. Herald.

—There are several young men in the car," remarked Mrs. Holdstrap, with some feeling, "but they can hardly be classed amongst the rising generation."—Boston Transcript.

—Palette—"Have you seen Dauber's new picture?" He calls it "The Happy Planter After the War." Smeere—"Ah, represents a man in the act of burying his wife's mother, I suppose."—Pick-Me-Up.

—In the Tunnel.—Simon Weatherby (on his first trip away from Spunkville, to follow a passenger)—"Say, mister, I've never in a kentry 'whar night come on ez sudden ez do it do."—Harper's Weekly.

—Ambitious Young Person—"What, do you think, is the first step that one should take in order to become a poet?" Experienced Editor (thoughtfully)—"Well, I should say, take out a life-insurance policy."—Somerville Journal.

—"It's all very well for the minister to preach from the text: 'Remember Lot's Wife,'" said an overworked, discouraged matron, "but I wish he would now give us an encouraging sermon upon the wife's lot."—Yonkers Statesman.

—"No," sobbed the pretty girl, "Harold and I never speak now. And it is all through the machinations of that deceitful Sallie Slimmins." "Why, what did she do?" "She persuaded us to join the same church choir."—Washington Star.

—Omnibus stops; smiling young lady enters; every seat full; an old gentleman rises at the other end; "Oh, don't rise, my lovely girl; 'I can just as well stand.'" "You can do just as you please about that, miss," says the old man; "but I am going to get out."—What's the matter with you?" "What makes you keep walking around and around yer wagon that way?" "Greatest scheme; greatest scheme. Policemen must keep movin'. I walk all de time. Policemen no can arrest. Greatest scheme."—Washington Star.

—Miss Lumberton—"Oh, conductor! I am nearly seasick! Do your cars always sway and jounce and swing around like this?" Conductor—"Well, this is a pretty crooked road, but you won't mind it when you get used to it." Miss Lumberton (faintly)—"You mean when I get into its curves."—Brooklyn Life.

## HELPFUL CHARITY.

Not Always the Kind Dispensed Through Public Organizations.

During this almost universal financial and business depression the opportunity to assist the worthy poor presents itself on every hand. There is, however, a class of people who habitually depend upon the rich for their living when perfectly able to labor for their bread, and the unfortunate part of it is that we are not able to discriminate between the classes when the necessity of immediate action is necessary. There are worthy people who suffer in silence rather than make their wants known, in fact, who never complain. To be really charitable in the true sense of the word it is absolutely necessary to discriminate. Great evil is perpetrated by giving to the lazy and indolent. The mere fact of giving so much money away to this or that organization is not true charity. True charity is the careful provision for the wants of the suffering, and a good way to dispense it is by your own hand; but that is not convenient, by the hand of organized charity. Years ago people tended to the sick and the aged, and the very highest in wealth and social position patronize these institutions, for the aggregation of experience and the possession of every surgical appliance makes a cure almost certain. For the same reason organized charity gets just the right comforts and necessities to fit the case, has everything on hand, and does not commit the folly of the kind-hearted thoughtless man who sent a turkey to a starving family when they had no fire to cook it.—Detroit Free Press.

## WOMAN AND HOME.

LUCKLESS BABIES.

A Strange Phase of Life in New York and Other Large Cities.

It used to be thought that a mother's tenderness was something no power could efface, but when one examines the condition of the suffering infant, and especially of those who owe it in some degree to themselves that they are in want, one is led to modify such opinion. Almost all of the mothers among these people who come under condemnation, however, are they that have degraded themselves by the use of intoxicants. The mother has to become lower than a beast before she can abuse her baby. But when the records of societies for the aid of children show that children in acres have been whipped with thongs and straps, have been thrown as missiles from one infuriated parent to another, have been seared with hot irons by mad and drunken fathers and mothers, have even met with worse cruelty, too shocking for recital in our sensitive ears, one sees how possible it is for man and woman to fall into a condition even lower than that of the brutes.

That a mother can desert her newborn baby, leaving it to the mercy of the race, or even do so knowing that speedy death is the best thing that can happen to it, we are all aware; but when a child is found creeping in the garbage of a tenement house yard, it seems as if the child had been in the mother's arms long enough for love to have grown so that such desertion would be impossible. It is quite as difficult to understand the condition of a mother who craves strong drink to such an extent that she sells wardrobe and bedclothes and furniture to buy it while her children starve, or splits her chair and table for kindling-wood rather than spend for that the money that goes for drink; or even that a more kindly-disposed woman who dells cold and hunger for her children by giving them the poison too. The cat loves her kittens better than that; she does not eat them off till they can do for themselves; the wild bear of the woods who dies for her cubs at need is the nobler animal.

It should move the heart of every mother who has been kept from temptation herself, and whose own darlings are shielded by warm tenderness, to think of these wretched little beings, who would be too amazed, if brought into such happiness as theirs, to know what it meant. It should seem to these fortunate mothers that it is not enough to do their duty within their own four walls; that a part of their duty lies beyond, where these little creatures are to be found in their squalor and distress; and that aside from the obligation to the neighbor thus involved is the further obligation to their own children of preventing, as far as may be, such ruin.—Harper's Bazar.

## CHENILLE FLOWERS.

A Rich Trim for Hats Which Can Be Made at Home.

Chenille flowers in shades of red from palest pink to deepest crimson, also in yellow and white, are a rich garniture for hats. Six petals compose a flower, each being formed of a piece of wire five inches long, covered with chenille and bent into a loop as shown in cut. A large headed pin forms the center about which the petals are ranged. Long wires extended for the stem are either covered with chenille, or slipped into large rubber tubing. A pleasing variety is obtained by varying the depth of the color used and the size of the flowers. Buds are simulated by fastening three loops to a stem. A hat trimmed with nothing but such flowers, either in clusters or strewn over a broad drooping brim, is exceedingly becoming, and represents a pretty bit of warm color in the murky lapse between winter and spring.—Anna Hinrichs, in Rural New Yorker.

## Female Clerks in Drug Stores.

Why don't more druggists employ one woman clerk at least? One meets women behind the counter of most tradesmen, but they are seldom seen here, where they would often be most peculiarly welcome. This has nothing to do with their studying and qualifying themselves as chemists, and with their doing up a doctor's prescriptions. It only means their waiting on the many women who go into a drugstore, and hardly care to inform the waiting man of their illnesses and their needed remedies. If women ever want to be tended by their own sex it is in a drug store.

## Not Telephonic.

Mean Man—Say run for a doctor! A neighbor of mine had some of your sausage last night, and he is very sick. Butcher—Mean creature! It cannot be he has trichinosis?

Mean Man—No; I think it's more likely hydrophobia.—N. Y. Weekly.

## Very Nasty of Her.

Gwendolen—You told me he dreamed of me all night. How pale he looked, poor fellow!

Ethel—Yes, I met him on the steps. He said he was suffering from the effects of a nightmare.—Truth.

## Unwary's Brown Bread.

This recipe is given in a New England paper, which claims to be of excellent. It is also said to have stood the test of years at the hands of a good cook: Two cups of Indian meal, two cups of rye meal, one cup of flour, a teaspoonful of soda, one cup of molasses and sour milk enough to make a drop batter. Steam this bread three hours, being sure that the water does not stop boiling.

## Give Him A Show.

Weary Willis—Madam, I crave your mercy; I'm hungry enough to eat a dog.

Madam—All right. I'll just unchain him.—Judge.

## HOW TO SLEEP SOUNDLY.

Put Pillows Under the Feet Instead of Under the Head—An Important Discovery Made by a German Scientist—Woman Like the Professor's scheme and say It Works Very Well.

A most important discovery has recently been made by a German professor that will materially improve the physical and mental strength of all who follow its lesson, if the discovery is really genuine, as the professor claims it to be.

Superstition or legend or the custom of years has had an influence upon us while we slept that has been almost as great as the like influences while we are awake. It has been vaguely understood that if we sleep with our head to the north it is much better than pointing in any other direction, possibly be, while lying upon our left side is a certain indication we are free from heart disease, and lying upon our back is quite as certain a sign that we are intending to snore.

Added to these, the idea has possessed us that our head must be higher than our feet, entirely overlooking the fact that the typical American, ever healthy, vigorous and good looking, is invariably represented in foreign papers as sitting in a very low chair with his feet on the convenient mantle-piece some yards, apparently, above him.

But Prof. Fischer has changed all that. He has demonstrated by a series of painstaking and careful experiments that we should sleep with the feet slightly elevated, or the head a trifle lower than the feet, as he puts it, and this condition he advises bringing about by placing pillows under the feet and none under the head.

The advantages claimed by Prof. Fischer resulting from this manner of lying are that the intellectual repose is much more profound than obtained by the present prevailing method; also that amelioration of the nervous system is greater; that the effect on the veins is better, and consequently the condition of the blood is improved and weakness of the lungs is therefore largely overcome. If in trying the effect of this position for sleeping any unpleasant sensation is experienced the feet will be found to have been too high, and therefore they should be lowered little by little by using pillows of less thickness until the proper height is reached, which is readily determined by the improved feeling of the sleeper.

For women especially this mode of sleeping is recommended by the professor, and he claims to be in receipt of endless communications from ladies throughout Germany who have found untold relief in following his simple prescription. In an essay recently read by the professor the advantages to the physical nature from this manner of sleeping were shown to be unmistakable and easily understood as such by the lecturer's audience in the plain but convincing language employed.

Briefly, the professor urged that the veins are better kept filled with blood, the blood flowing toward the brain is conducive of a clearer, more rested mental condition upon awakening, and the heart finding easier action is not called upon for such hard work, and therefore the tired feeling often accompanying the first awakening is done away with.

## Health and Beauty.

Health, its understanding and preservation, is a fact just now. Lectures on the subject in any of its branches are eagerly patronized by society leaders. Probably this is because beauty of face and form were never more considered than at present, and our women are beginning to find that there is no real beauty without sound health; this is one ostensible reason for the craze. Another is that women do more, achieve more than ever before, and consequently they care more to hear how they may keep themselves in proper condition for work. A well-trained mind is not the first thought, although it is an important one; it is the well-trained mind in a well-trained body.

## One and a Half Yards Lemon-colored Silk.

One and a half yards lemon-colored silk; 3 balls turquoise blue crocheted silk; 125 brass rings; fill all the rings with double crochets, closely and firmly, then with pearly and silk crossbar the center of each ring. When all the brass rings are filled from into wheels, seven rings to a wheel, one in the center and six surrounding. Raste on the China silk, hemstitched on opposite ends and both sides. Use the ravelings to hemstitch with. When the wheels have been neatly hemmed on the silk at one end, with a pair of scissors cut out all the silk running upon the point just as the wheels run. This will give the wheel part an openwork look. Tie on every ring at bottom a heavy tassel of the crocheted silk.—Ida Burckhardt, in Ohio Farmer.

## Unwary's Brown Bread.